

THE TRAGEDIE OF Troilus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troilus. All here my Varlet, Ile vname againe.
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde such cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is master of his heart,

Let him to field, Troilus alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant:
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skillesse as vnpractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my
part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will
haue a Cake out of the Wheate, must needs tarry the
grinding.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the bolting; but you must tarry the leauing.

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word
hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the
heating of the Oven, and the Baking; nay, you must stay
the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere she be,
Doth lesse blench at sufferance, then I doe:

At Priams Royall Table doe I sit;
And when faire Cressid comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.

Pan. Well:

She look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke,
Or any woman else.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rine in twaine,
Least Hector, or my Father should perceiue me:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-scorne)
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.

Pan. And her haire were not somewhat darker then
Helens, well go too, there were no more comparison be-
tweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswo-
man, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold

some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will
not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but

Troy. Oh Pandarus! I tell thee Pandarus;

When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:

Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe

They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

In Cressids loue. Thou answerst she is faire,

Pow'r ft in the open Vicer of my heart,

Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,

Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand

(In whose comparifon, all whites are Inke)

Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,

The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense

Hard as the palme of Ploughman. This thou tel'st me;

As true thou tel'st me, when I say I loue her:

But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,

Thou lai'st in euery gash that loue hath giuen me,

The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'st not speake so much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as shee is,

if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she

hath the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good Pandarus: How now Pandarus?

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought

on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and

betweene, but small thanks for my Labour.

Troy. What art thou angry Pandarus? what with me?

Pan. Because she's come to me, therefore shee's not

so faire as Helen, and she were not so to me, she wold

be as faire on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what

care I? I care not and she were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all

one to me.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a

Foole to stay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks,

and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile

meddle nor make no more in't matter.

Troy. Pandarus? **Pan.** Not I.

Troy. Sweete Pandarus.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leaue all

as I found it, and there an end. **Exit Pand.**

Sound Alarum.

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude sounds,

Fooles on both sides, Helen must needs be faire,

When with your bloud you daily paint her thus,

I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

The Tragedie of Troilus and

It is too flar'd a subiect for my Sword,
But Pandarus: O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wee,
As she is stubborne, chafte, against all suite.
Tell me Apollo for thy Daphnes Loue
What Cressidis, what Pandar, and what we:
Her bed is India, there she lies, a Pearle,
Between our Hum, and where shee recides
Let it be cald the wild and wandering flood,
Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling Pandar,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Banke.

Alarum. **Enter Aeneas.**

Aene. How now Prince Troilus?

Wherefore not a field?

Troy. Because not there, this womans answer sorts.

For womanish it is to be from thence:

What newes Aeneas from the field to day?

Aene. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom Aeneas?

Aene. Troilus by Menelaus.

Troy. Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne,

Paris is got with Menelaus horne. **Alarum.**

Aene. Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:

But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?

Aene. In all swift haste.

Troy. Come goe wee then together. **Exeunt.**

Enter Cressid and her man.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Man. Queene Hecuba, and Helen.

Cre. And whether go they?

Man. Vp to the Easterne Tower,

Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,

To see the battell: Hector whose patience,

Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was moud:

He chides Andromache and strooke his Armorer, I

And like as there were husbandry in Warre

Before the Sunne rose, hee was harness'd lyte,

And to the field goe's hee, where euery flower

Did as a Prophet weepe what it forlaw,

In Helors wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Man. The noise goe's this;

There is among the Greekes,

A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to Hector,

They call him Aias.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They say he is a very man per se and stands alone.

Cre. So do all men, vnlesse they are drunke, sicke, or

haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their

particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish

as the Beare, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom

nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crust

into folly; his folly fauced with discretion: there is no

man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a

ny man an attaine, but he carries some staine of it. He is

melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire,

hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so

out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie Briareus, many hands

and no vfe; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile,

make Hector angry?

Man. They say he yesterday cop'd Hector in the bat-

tell and strooke him downe, the disdaine & shame where-

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